

# JIM STONE HAGGERTY

STIRS UP A CATACLYSM WITH A PAREGORIC TRAJECTORY.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM DALEY

A BIG dinner of the officers of the Corn-droppers' league, an' newspaper reporters, once they had Pinch Hobbs down on the programme for "A Dissertation on the Art of Place Hitting." He was in wrong. His specialty was pinch hitting, which got him his name. I could have told 'em a Bible full o' stuff about place hitting. They sh'd have come to me for that speech.

"If there ever was anybody that foilers up baseball in this broad land that believed that I wasn't the greatest batter for placing them that ever stood up to the plate his name wasn't Jim Stone or Bill Wood. Because why? Because Jim Stone an' Bill Wood got theirs handed to 'em by me on the place-hittin' trick in such a fashion that the Corn-droppers' league never got over talkin' about it. Why, it's in black an' white. As Josh Haggerty says in the 'Political History of the Corn-droppers' league,' page 167:

"A bunch of trees, a nest of bees,  
The ball drops swiftly in it.  
Left Fielder Stone, as he plucks it out,  
Get stung just sixty times a minute."

"The why an' wherefore o' all this was because I had won the championship for the Alfalfas two years hand-running by my terrific home-run drives, an' the other teams in the league were sore. This was the year that Tim McGinnis rung in the black eagle that he trained to hover over left field an' grab all my drives an' field 'em back to third base, where I was ketching out. We showed that trick the next day after it was started, an' then the rest o' the schemers in the league began casting around for somethin' that would do the eagle's work.

"There's no denyin' that Jim Stone an' Bill Wood were clever fliers. They could cover ground along with the best in the business, had terrific throwin' arms, both o' 'em, an' were some on battin'. But their greatest fame came from the fact that they were brainy. They showed out the relay throw in the Corn-droppers. When a long drive would go out they'd act quick as lightning. One would get the ball in double quick, the other 'ud run out half way. The feller that got the ball would line it to the other, an' he in turn would line it to the plate. They correctly figured that two line throws beat one long, high one, an' that theory is generally accepted. You'll see their relay throws used in every game played in the big league nowadays.

"Jim Stone an' Bill Wood were famous. When the people'd get up in church an' sing:

"In vain, with lavish kindness,  
The gifts of God are strewn;  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone."

"Why, the boys'd grin an' believe that the feller that wrote the hymnbook put it there on purpose as a compliment to the great outfielders. An' that's the story got out. Before Jim Stone an' Bill Wood came to Hayville they played in a town where the rooters was heathens, an' that the song really was so; an' they were such good players that the Hayville people didn't blame the heathens a bit for bowin' down. So they inked in a big W an' a big S on the

two names an' let it go at that.

"Well, the year the eagle falled 'em, as I told you, they determined to stop me winnin' so many games, so they got the Hayville management to push the fence in their baseball park back four or five hundred feet, makin' it a physical impossibility for me to get the ball over the fence. An' then they practiced up their relay trick an' declared they had me.

"Say, it looked that way. We were to play three games there, an' in the first two I didn't get a single home run, an' we lost both games. The best I could get was two-baggers. Wood an' Stone would get out an' throw in my long liners so quick I couldn't get started round the bags. An' they'd get under an' ketch my toverin' flies that would a gone as lost balls an' were home runs on any other grounds.

"Things looked dubious, an' the night before the third game Josh Haggerty came into my room after I'd retired to my more or less downy couch, as Reggie says, an' sat down on the foot o' the bed. Pinch wasn't in yet.

"Hag, says he, 'what'll we do?'

"Do?" says I, 'What kin we do?'

"Yes, says he, 'that's what I want to know.'

"I give it up," says I, 'You tell me.'

"No, I asked you first," says he, 'You tell me.'

"That little bit o' random conversation'll show the

gentle reader o' this how far we were from the plate. We were away off. The pennant looked sure gone if we couldn't beat the Hayvilles, an' everything seemed gloomy.

"Just then there came a quick step up the hall an' Pinch Hobbs walked in. He was in one o' his trances. He didn't notice me in bed, with the light at my elbow an' a book to read an' a bottle o' beer an' two cigars under the pillar out o' Josh's sight; he didn't notice Josh, who he sh'd a' s'looked; he didn't notice nothin', but just walked to his bureau drawer an' pulled out a queer lookin' contrivance made o' steel an' with a flat bottom an' a steel rod straight up on one end an' a little thing to look through on top o'

that. When he had that in his hands he looked for me an' seemed to come to life.

"Hag, says he, 'if you got a flat trajectory it'll be all right.'

"Got a flat what?" says me an' Josh in one breath.

"Trajectory, says Pinch, very dignified. 'T-r-a-j-e-c-t-o-r-y. You got to have a flat one or you can't beat these Hayvilles tomorrow.'

"Flat trajectory bein'ed," says Josh, emphatic. 'Hobbs, I think you got a flat wheel. Explain yer dumbered trajectory an' so on before ye begin to git woozy an' the goblins git you.'

"Yes, says I, pantin' with anxiety to git in a word. 'Tell me quick, Pinch, for gosh sake, about this here flat thing. Does it hurt?'

"Pinch sat down an' put the steel contrivance on his lap an' threw up his hands.

"Such a pair o' ninnny hammers I never see," says he. 'Here I am tryin' to explain flat trajectories an' broke 'em, an' Josh went to his room an' the gang turned in.'

"The next day when I came to bat in the first innin', with two gone an' Pete Brown on second, Pinch run out to the plate an' set the machine on my shoulder.

"Eighteen an' two-fifths," says he, after a quick look, 'keep her a trifle east o' that end tree to allow for windage an' you'll plunk her.'

"Eighteen an' two-fifths wot?" says I, for he had me guessin' an' Con Riley was gettin' ready to throw the ball an' the audience was laughin' an' mystified both.

"Inches, you galoot!" says he. 'Don't let her get over eighteen an' two-fifths inches trajectory or you'll lose her. See?'

"I was so flustered that I popped a high fly down left field way. Pinch was crazy mad an' walked out on the field without nothin' me.

"Good heavens to gosh," says he. 'Wot ye goin' to do with a mutt that has ears to hear an' won't

hear. He won't pay no attention to science nor nothin'. He deserves never to make a home run.'

"The next time I come up he went through the same motions, an' I couldn't understand again an' line filed to center. The third time I put out a grounder that got past the third baseman an' by the time Jim Stone got it I was on third.

"That'll never do," says Pinch, very savage, when I scored our first run on Jim Harrison's infield hit. You'll never ketch that cataclysm on no such ricochet as that. You got to get the trajectory right.'

"Well, that run we got was matched by them in their half of the innin', an' in the eighth they got another on a wild throw o' Pete Brown's. That left us needin' two runs in our half o' the ninth to win.

"Pinch fouled out in that half, an' Merritt tried hard for a homer, but Bill Wood ketchin' the drive a foot from the ground. Pete Brown got up an' punched out a stiff single, an' it was up to me.

"As a last dyin' request," says Pinch as I picked up my bat, 'for gosh sake get that trajectory flat this time.'

"Flat trajectory to the woods," says I, 'likewise your bent an' pink an' blue ones. Here's where Hag cuts loose. I'm playin' this on a paregoric trajectory an' a carom. An' I pounded on the plate an' waited for what Riley sent up.

"An' I'll tell you why I felt so confident. Pinch had pointed out the cataclysm place, an' I noticed a tree right behind it. Now I figured if I hit that tree four feet from the ground the ball'd carom back into the cataclysm. No one in the world could line the ball that distance whether his trajectory was flat or not. But with the paregoric trajectory he'd named I thought I could fetch it.

"So I watched Riley. I let an 'inshoot pass an' then ketchin' a straight one right. It sizzled over the third baseman's head, goin' up an' up an' up, an' I jogged around. I saw it goin' straight for the saplings.

"Pinch Hobbs dashed his hat down on the ground. 'Wrong again!' he hollered. 'After all my teachin', I told you eighteen an' two-fifths, an' you give it at least twenty. It'll go four feet over.'

"Jim Stone was tearin' out an' the ball was comin' down now, an' I could see it was goin' straight for the single tree I'd picked out. I had allowed for the wind just right. I was trootin' between second an' third when the ball dropped, an' Jim Stone was right on it—an' then.

"Well, they never got that ball, an' they come pretty near not gettin' Jim Stone an' Bill Wood, who went out to take the throw-in. It had to run for his life, too. In fact the audience hustled out o' the grandstand much faster than usual. Pinch called it a cataclysm, an' it was rightly named.

"An' Pinch, o' course, took all the credit o' winnin' the game, despite the fact that I'd played the ball to carom instead o' to traject the way he wanted it. An' they couldn't get the cataclysm o' yellin' jackets out an' had to bring the fence back, an' after that home runs was easy for me. That was a time when placin' a hit means somethin'."

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"INCHES YOU GALOOT!"



"HAG SAYS HE, 'WHAT'LL WE DO?'"



"JIM STONE WAS TEARIN' OUT AN' THE BALL WAS COMIN' DOWN."

## FLYING MACHINES AT \$10

J. P. Holland, an Inventor, Promises to Make Them Cheap.

John P. Holland, inventor of a submarine torpedo boat, announces that his flying machines will not cost more than \$10, and that within five years men will be flying from New York to Kansas City in thirty hours. His apparatus consists of four wings with bamboo frames, which will be attached to the arms and waist of the person using them. The apparatus will not weigh more than twenty-five pounds, and he declares that he will be able to use it on sight and fly without any elaborate preliminary training.

Mr. Holland has been working on the problem for thirty-four years and has made four different types of flying machines, only to discard them because the principle was wrong. In his fifth effort he has adopted the aeroplane principle, after a long study of birds in flight. He is holding back the details of the construction of his flying machine until the government grants him a patent.

FOUR WINGS TO A MAN.

In discussing his apparatus, Mr. Holland said: "This flying machine, or whatever you want to call it, will consist of four wings. Those with which the first trials soon will be conducted will be in two sizes, one pair seen and the other ten feet long. This will give a spread of from fifteen to twenty feet from tip to tip. They will be applied directly to the person in such center of gravity always must be exactly a manner that appropriate muscles will manipulate them without more exertion than is necessary for ordinary walking. In fact, the operation will be far less exhausting than walking, for the violent part of it will be only during the starting or ascending and while the person is descending.

"In less than five years man will spread his wings and fly like a bird. Without any more exertion than is required by the act of ordinary walking he will make flights at the rate of from fifty to one hundred miles an hour. He will fly to Chicago in a day. He will make a short flight to Washington to see his friends and will fly back to New York in time for supper, all without more trouble or energy than would be expended in the same time at walking, probably without as much exertion.

CAN FLY AGAINST WIND.

"He will take a course with or against the wind or at any angle he wishes, at any height above the surface he may find convenient or desirable. He will beat his wings vigorously for a few strokes, just as any bird does, and then, settling in a fixed course, will ride the air without any more effort than the slight swallow that skims and dips. He will use no other device to attain buoyancy, but simply will point to the height sought by the same means as do creatures endowed by nature with feathers.

"In investigating and experimenting I have found a curious similarity about the two problems of submarine and aerial navigation. I also have found a power which controls both—namely, that the under the center of buoyancy and the thrust always must be exactly opposite the center of resistance. The principle is the same in air as in water, the only difference being in the greater density of the water.

NO NEED FOR EXERTION.

"Only in case speed is required will there be need for exertion in flying. There will be no mechanism for supplying great power. The wings will be attached directly to the body at the arms and about the hips. This harness or attaching gear will be easy and comfortable for a man, though scarcely adapted to the use of women in their present costume. The wings will be made of bamboo frames of a special quality, I experimented with steel tubing, but found it too heavy when made of the requisite strength. Simplicity will be the chief characteristic of the gear, and it will be possible to produce it at a moderate price, within the reach of everybody.

"In motion, the flyer will be much in the attitude of lying face downward. He will distribute his weight between the two sets of wings and will soar in that position. Descending will be accomplished at an angle in most of the cases, and it will be possible to alight without the slightest jar. Beating the wings in the opposite direction to that used in the ascent will permit descent nearly erect. It will be as easy for a man after practice to fly right into his office window as to alight on the street at his door. The entire apparatus will weigh something less than twenty-five pounds and cost not to exceed \$10."

STEERING TO BE SIMPLE.

"But how about steering?" Mr. Holland was asked.

"Nothing could be easier. There will be no rudder, because that would need attention and because there is no need for one. It is claimed that birds steer by their tails. Did you ever watch a seagull fly? They steer by the merest apology for a tail, yet its change of direction is swift and accurate. A bird really steers with its head. Where the head and the upper part of the body are pointed the body goes. It is as easy for a man to fly as it is for a bird. The entire apparatus will weigh something less than twenty-five pounds and cost not to exceed \$10."

a boat windward, but under ordinary circumstances the impetus given by the wings will be sufficient both to sustain and propel the flyer directly where he wants to go.

FALLS HELD IMPOSSIBLE.

"Suppose something should break with the man hundreds of feet in the air? 'Anything about the mechanical part of the device could fall without doing any damage. It would not cause a fall, for the mere turning of the flyer to a gentle angle toward the ground would bring him down slowly and safely. One of the wings, or perhaps two of them, might be carried away completely without causing a fall.

"There's nothing occult about the flight of the bird. Like everything else, it's merely a demonstration of mechanical principles. The bird is heavier than the air, yet floats in it. Man is heavier than the air, and he can float in it, too, if he will go about it right—that is, just as the bird does. His muscles are as strong proportionately, and he is equal to the first efforts to mount the elements in which he is to swim exactly as he swims in water. The rest is easy.

"As a matter of fact, only one-tenth of a bird's energy is spent in sustaining power; the remainder is devoted entirely to propulsion. The aeroplane action of the wings supports the body. I proposed that theory years ago.

Flying machines are being constructed after the designs of Mr. Holland in the machine shop of George White, 24 Morris street, Jersey City. They are being built with the utmost secrecy and will not be shown until the Washington authorities have fully protected the inventor.

The Presidents.

(New York Sun.)

1. Washington—His greatness made him gentle, and his gentleness made him great.

2. John Adams—Inquisitive as a patriot, as a politician querulous.

3. Jefferson—A political ocean which, washing different shores, is called by different names.

4. Madison—Mentally a man, temperamentally a woman.

5. Monroe—Appropriating contemporaries; appropriated by posterity.

6. J. Q. Adams—Lowly in greatness, he became great in lowliness.

7. Andrew Jackson—In stature a statesman; in statue (always) a soldier.

8. Van Buren—A native Lilliputian, though born on the Hudson.

9. W. H. Harrison—Saved from dishonor by that which he had throughout life honorably courted—death.

10. Tyler—Appointed, disappointing, disappointed.

11. Polk—His littleness was forgotten in the great achievement of his administration.

12. Taylor—First, the White House—then the White Horses, but not once the White Feather.

13. Fillmore—He did less than what was expected of him, but not less than what should have been expected.

14. Pierce—He held the office, but his secretary of war was president.

15. Buchanan—Eclipsing his predecessor, he was eclipsed by his successor.

16. Lincoln—Now abideth these three—the proclamation of Emancipation, the Gettysburg address and the second inaugural address, and the greatest of these is—Who may determine that?

17. Johnson—What irreverent critic of the southern bourgeoisie was it who said that he was "a representative of the poor white trash of the south?"

18. Grant—In the scales of the destinies the pine on Mt. McGregor will weigh more heavily than the apple tree at Appomattox.

19. Hayes—He administered rightly and righteously the office he was wrongfully required to occupy.

20. Garfield—Death fixed his fame.

21. Cleveland—Gratifying his political opponents, he seldom failed to disappoint his political adherents.

22. Harrison—A really great man, who, unfortunately, however, kept his affection in cold storage.

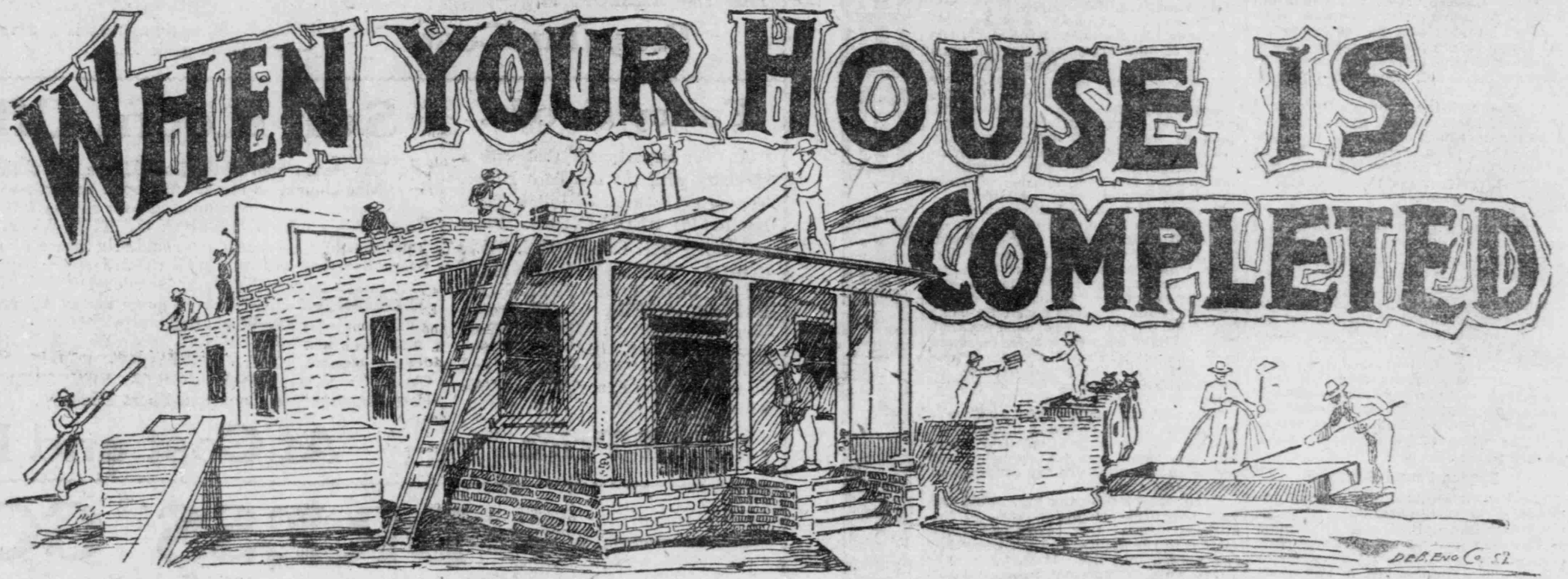
23. Cleveland—Like Peel, he ruined his party but saved his country.

24. McKinley—A political and social solvent who absorbed and was absorbed by whatever he touched, and yet a lovelier spirit never passed from earth than when he died.

25. Roosevelt—Always de-lighted, but seldom, if ever, delighting.

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